

A Pillar set up;

To keep in Remembrance his most Dear and Well-Beloved Wife, *JANNE KEACH*,
Who fell asleep in the Lord, *October the 7th, 1670.* in the 31. Year of her Age.

*Gen. 35. 19. And Rachel Died, and was Buried. vers. 20. And Jacob set a PILLER
upon her Grave, that is the PILLER of Rachels Grave unto this day.*

*Psal. 112. 6. The Righteous shall be had in everlasting Remembrance. —
Prov. 10. 7. The Memory of the Just is Blessed: but the name of the Wicked
shall rot. Prov. 14. 32. The Wicked is driven away in his wicked-
ness; but the Righteous hath hope in his Death.*

Art gone, art gone, and fled away with speed!
O happy Soul, that art from Sorrow freed!
But why wast thou so earnest to go home?
The Evil's great, doubtless, which is to come.

A dreadful day, most plain, thou didst espy,
Of Trouble great, the which draws very nigh.
The Father's love therefore to thee is shown,
Who from all danger has received his own.
Thou, precious Soul, wert tender in his sight,
Who would not leave thee to the rage and spight.
Of the vile Beast, and bloody Babylon,
Who think to do, as they sometimes have done.
Besides all this, thy Soul did plain behold,
The Joy above, that never can be told.
Thou didst admire the Glory thou didst see
God had (through grace) laid up in store for thee.
No marvel then thou didst so often call
To be with Christ, the which is best of all.

*This being so, say some, why do you mourn?
O happy's she as ever she was born.
It grieves us much to see your soul so sad;
No cause is here to mourn, but to be glad.*

The Lord, said she, is mine; and I am his:
She fled to Christ for all; she could not miss
Of Him, nor what he purchas'd by his Death,
Of which she tasted whilst she was on Earth.

Hear me, dear Friends, a word or two I'll speake,
And blame me not, although my heart doth ake,
And is oppress'd with grief and trouble sore,
To think on her whom I shall see no more
This side the Grave, where only need shall I
The gracious blessing of her company.

God did to Man at first an Help-meet give:
What earthly blessing like it whilst we live?
In all estates God made her so to me,
In Trouble sore, and in Captivitie.
Ten years to me she was a tender Wife;
Most part of which from men I met with strife.

'Tis known to some, that she I bare:
Of all my Troubles she was my share:
Sometimes I was in Captivitie,
As Saints are in the world to see.

Sometimes I was in Captivitie,
As Saints are in the world to see.

For Jesus sake I oft have borne
What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

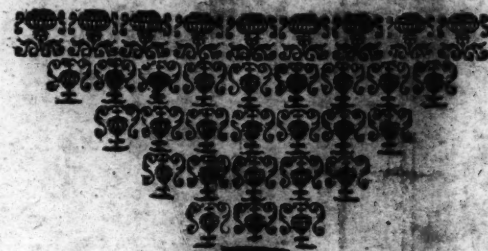
What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

What others shun, and would not see.

*A PILLER here Erect, keep up her Name,
Her Grace, her Love, her Virtue, and her Fame.
Let none offended be, her MEMORIE,
Is thus kept up unto POSTERITIE.*



And close with Christ in his despised Truth,
Which she so dearly loved from her youth.
Her Father she upon her heart did bear,
Fearing that he under temptation were,
Entreating me to mind him of his state

When she was gone, before it was too late.
O spare me now, and bear me on your heart,
Mind well the things which to you I impart.
We were one flesh, yea and one Spirit too;
The loss I do sustain I cannot show.

Favour deceitful is, and Beauty vain:
But she from Christ such honour did obtain,
She shall be numbred now among the Just,
Though she departed is and gone to rest.
More of her Vertues here I shan't relate;
For her own Works do praise her in the Gate.

And now, dear Friends, let me perswade you all,
Ready to be against the Lord doth call.
The dayes to you which God is pleas'd to lend,
On them doth your Eternity depend.

Short are your dayes on Earth, measure their length:
Count not by years, nor by your present strength:

The Weavers Shuttle is a fitter thing;
The Spiders Web, and Flower in the Spring;
And Morning-Dew, which past when Sun doth rise;
And by the Shadow which so swiftly flies;

The Smoak, and Vapour, and the Bubble too,
Are measures fit the Scriptures plain do shew.

Our dayes do pass like to a Tale that's told;
But few do live, we see, till they are old;

From Death to Judgment ev'ry one doth go,
To Heav'nly Joy, or else to endless Wo.

Cleave then to Christ in youth with all thy power,
Lest thou fall off like to a fading Flower.

Besides, dear Friend, the Day seems very black,
Stir up thy soul with speed, what dost thou lack?

Thou art a stranger here, and must not stay,
God will by Death ere long call thee away.

If faithful we remain unto the end,
Glory shall we receive with my dear Friend

Gen. 2. 23.

Pro. 31. 30.

Ver. 31.

Job. 14. 2.

Job. 7. 6.

Job. 14. 2.

Jam. 4. 14.

Psal. 90. 9.

Heb. 9. 27.

Ecl. 9. 9.

1 Chron. 29. 15.

what for Christ's sake
 Bless she did take a share.
 With Death I threatned was full fore,
 have been who lived heretofore.
 us sake, his Truth, and precious Cause,
 in Prison lay through severe Laws,
 which Man hath make against the Righteous Seed.
 The same is now, which we in Scripture read.
 Some thither came their Husbands for to see,
 Grieving most sore in great perplexitie,
 To see their Husbands lie in such a place,
 With Thieves and Rogues, in shame and great disgrace :
 By such poor Saints sometimes ensnar'd have bin,
 Like to Job's Wife, they tempted have to sin.
 With my dear Wife it was then otherwise,
 She would rejoyce, and it a Mercy prize,
 She had a Husband for CHRIST JESUS sake,
 With other Saints of sufferings to partake.
 I in the Pillory sometimes did stand,
 The Cause is known to thousands in the Land;
 Whilst I in pain did suffer in that place,
 She did rejoyce, and count it no disgrace.
 When I was forced to silence, and by pain,
 For to give o're, then she would speak again,
 And vindicate the Cause for which I stood
 [A gazing-stock for Christ] then in the Wood.
 Goals, Fines, Bridewel, Scourgings and Pillory,
 Did not her Soul amaze or terrify.
 She zealous was for Truth, very sincere,
 To God, by her, same Souls converted were.
 To Christ she faithful was, to me most kind :
 Of a sweet, yeelding, and obedient mind :
 Contented with the lowest state; 'twas so
 When all was gone that here we had below.
 Contented then this precious Soul was found,
 As if she had in store then many a pound.
 She liv'd by Faith, and saw what God had done,
 Who helped us alwayes at ev'ry turn.
 When I was weak, she'd strive to strengthen me :
 When I was sad, a comfort she would be,
 Alwayes I found she lov'd the Saints most dear,
 But chiefly those she thought most humble were.
 Great joy it was unto her Soul alway,
 To see such turn, that had gone long astray,

AN ACROSTICK.

Col. 3. 3. 4. I s she now Dead ! how can this granted be,
 And Christ her life ? that might seem strange to thee.
 Not dead, said she, No, I shall never die.
 Rom. 8. 30. Nor can that Soul that Christ doth justifie.
 Ever she lives she truly did believe,
 John. 8. 51. Knew Christ was hers, who did her Soul receive.

AN EPITAPH.

Here lieth one asleep, she is not Dead ;
 To God she lives, to Christ her Soul is fled,
 Where it now dwells in Bliss among the Just,
 Her Body's but asleep in quiet Rest ;
 Where it shall lie but till this Night is gone,
 Tib' Morning shall Immortal Robes put on.

Who now has run her Race, her Work being done,
 Is now with Christ, and left me here alone.

Vain are the Comforts of this evil World,
 They pass, they fly, they soon away are hurl'd ;
 Thy Friends, thy Wealth, thy Children, and thy Wife
 Do fly with speed away ; so doth thy Life. *Psal. 90. 10.*
 Affect thy heart with God, the only Good ; *Prov. 23. 3.*
 O that this thing were better understood. *Psal. 73. 23.*
 Aspire aloft, mount up, thy mind remove,
 Man's happiness's not here, it is above. *Col. 3. 1, 2, 3.*
 Imbase not then thy soul's most noble birth *Joh. 3. 31.*
 With low, with mean, and empty things on Earth.
 Can earthly joys thy soul here satisfie ? *Isa. 55. 1, 2.*
 Canst thou have here what's in Eternity ?
 Man's Soul's like to a Stream, like to the Fire ; *Psal. 42. 1, 2.*
 It runs most swift, it flames forth with desire.
 True Peace, 'tis plain, centers in God alone ; *Mat. 11. 29.*
 No rest is there but in the Holy One.
 The *Summum Bonum* then do thou not loose ; *Psal. 4. 6.*
 What is thy heart upon, what dost thou choose ?
 Some Good thou seek'st, and it thou wouldst procure ;
 That's not the Good, that with thee won't endure ; *Isa. 55. 2.*
 That's not the Good which can't thy soul suffice ;
 That's not the Good which from thy soul thus flies ;
 That's not the Good which Death can make so bitter ; *Prov. 23. 3.*
 That's not the Good, if we can find a fitter.
 GOD is a Good all Good doth comprehend ; *1 Cor. 29.*
 GOD is a Good which doth all other send. *30, 31.*
 GOD is a Good, when other good doth leave us ; *Jam. 1. 17.*
 GOD is a Good of which Death can't bereave us.
 GOD is a Good that knows what thing are best ;
 'Tis in the LORD my wearied soul doth rest. *2 Cor. 3. 1, 6.*
 If of God's Fulness more thou wouldst receive ; *Luke 14. 26.*
 The creature-good in thy affection leave ;
 For more of God thy soul shall not possess,
 Till thou dost prize all creature-comforts less. *1 John 2. 15.*

ACROSTICK.

I s her frail House broke down where she did live ?
 A better House God to her Soul did give.
 No Death shall she, nor Sorrow more sustain :
 Now she's at rest, and shall in peace remain.
 Earthly enjoyments die, yea, all things here ;
 King JESUS come with speed, wilt thou appear ?
 Every Saint also, Lord, bring with thee ;
 And thy one word in Truth perform'd shall be.
 Change our vile Bodies like thy Glorious One,
 Hastening with speed unto thy Blessed Throne.